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THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Anthor of "Soldiers Three" &c.

CHAPTER III. So be thinks he shall take to the sea again For one more crube with his buccaneers To singe the beard of the King of Spain, And sapture another dean of Jaco And sell him in Algiera

The Soudan campaign and Dick's broken beed had been some mouths ended and mended and the Central Southern Syndicate had paid Dick a certain sum on account for work done, which work they were careful to maure him was not altogether up to their standard. Dick heaved the letter into the Hile at Cairo cashed the draft in the same town, and bade a warm farewell to Torpen ow at the station.

"I am geing to lie up for a while and rest," said Torpanhow. "I don't know where I shall live in London, but if God brings us to meet, we shall meet. Are you staying here on the off chance of another row? There will be none all the Southern Soudan is recompled by our troops. Mark that. Good-by, bless you, some back when your money's spent and give

ne your address." Dick leitered in Catro, Alexandria, Ismallia and Port Sald, especially Port Said. There is biquity in many parts of the world, and vice m all, but the concentrated essence of all the infestive and all the vices in all the conti-ment field itself at Port Said. And through the heart of that sand-bordered hell, where the pirage flickers all day long above the Bitter Lakes, more, if you only walt, most of the mer and women you have known in this life. Dies attabilished himself in quarters more riotous the quay, and boarded many ships, and saw very many friends—gracious Englishwomen with whom he had talked not too wheely in the vernade of Shephards' Hotel, burrying war correspondents, skippers of the centract paign, army officers by the score, and others of less reputable trades. He had choice of all the races of the East and West for studies, and the advantage of sceing his subjects under the influence of strong excitement, at the gaming tables, saloons, dancing hells, and elsewhere. For recreation there was the straight vista of the canal, the biasing sanis, the procession of shipping, and the white hospitals where the English soldiers lay Dick strove to pen down in black and white sa : outer all that Providence sent him when that supply was ended sought about for ment, but it can awar with his money, and he hal drawn in advance the hundred and teenty pounds to which he was entitled yearthe ight he and was addressing himself to this 1. w late, when a mysterious telegram arrived fron Torpenhow in England which said: "Come back, quick; you have caught on. A large emile overspread his "fo soom! that's good bearing," said nicht. I'll stand or fall by my luck. Faith, it's time it came:" He deposited haif of his fund-ia the hands of his well-known friends. Monstear and Madame Binat. and ordere i himself s

sympathetically.

"Monafeur needs a chair of course, and of ree Monsieur will sketch : Monsieur arouses blmsaif strangely." Bing raised a blue-white face from a cot in

Basibar dance of the fluors. Monsieur Binat was shaking with drink, but Madame smiled

the inner room. "I understand," he quavered.
"We all know Monsieur. Monsieur is an artist. as I inve been " Dick nodded. "In the end." said Binat, with gravity, "Monatour will seems alive tuto hell, as I have descended."

"You must come to the dance too," said Disk: "I shall wan: you."
"For my face? I knew it would be so. For My God! and for my degradation or tremendous! I will not. Take him away He is a devil. Or at least do thon, Offeste, de-The excellent Binat

legan to kick and scream. 'All things are for sale in Port Said." said Madame. "If my husband comes it will be so much more. Eb. 'ow you call-'alf a sovereign." The money was paid, and the mad dance came off that night in a walled courtyard at the back of Madame Binat's house. The lady her self. in faded mauve silk always about to slide from her reliow shoulders, played the plano. and to the tin-pot music of a Western waits the naked Zanzibari girls danced furiously by the light of kerosene lamps. Blast est upon a chair and stared with eyes that saw nothing. till the whirl of the dance and the clang of the the place of blood in his veins, and his face gistened. Dick took him by the chin brutally and turned that face to the light. Madame Blast looked over her shoulder and smiled with many teeth. Dick leaned against the wall and sketched for an hour, till the kerosene lamps began to smell, and the girls threw themselves panting on the bard-beaten ground. Then he shut his book with a snap and mored away. Binat plucking feebly at his elbow.
"Show me," he whimpered. "I, too, was once
as artist, even I!" Dick showed him the

rough sketch. "Am I that?" he screamed.
"Will you take that away with you and show
all the world that it is I. Binat?" He moaned and wept. Monsieur has paid for all," said Madame "To the pleasure of seeing Monsieur again."
The courtyard gate shut, and Dick hurried up the sandy street to the nearest gambling hell, where he was well known. "If the luck holds, it's an omen; if I lose, I must stay here." He placed his money picturesquely about the He placed his money picturesquely about the board, hardly daring to look at what he did. The luck held. Three turns of the wheel left him richer by twenty pounds, and he went

down to the shipping to make friends with the Captain of a decayed cargo steamer, who landed him in London with fewer pounds in his pecket than he eared to think about.

A thin gray fog hung over the city, and the streets were very cold; for summer was in

"It's a cheerful wilderness, and it hasn't the task of altering much." Dick thought, as he tramped from the docks westward. "Now. what must I do?"

The packed houses gave no answer. Dick looked down the long lightless atreets and at the appalling rush of traffic. "Oh. you rabbit autobee!" said he, addressing a row of highlyotable semi-detached residences. you know what you've got to do later on? You here to supply me with men servants and maid servants"—here he smacked his lips— "and the pacultar treasure of kings. M-an-time." time I'll get clothes and boots, and presently I will return and trample on you. He stepped forward energetically; he saw that one of his

shoes was burst at the side. As he stooped to make investigations a man jostled him into the suiter. "All right" he said. "That's another suiter. "All right." he said. "That's another his in the score. I'll jostle yeu later on."

Good clothes and boots are not chean, and list left his last shop with the certainty that he would be respectably arrayed for a time, but with coly fifty shillings in his pocket. He rearned to streets by the Docks, and lodged amself in one room, where the sheets on the bed were almost audibly marked in case of that, and where nobody seemed to go to bed at all. When his ciothes arrived he sought the

Central Southern Syndicate for Torpenhow's address, and got it. with the intimation that there was still some money owing to him. "How much?" said Dick, as one who habit-

ually dealt in millions. Between thirty and forty pounds. If it would be any convenience to you, of course we could let you have it at once; but we usually settle

accounts monthly."
"If I show that I want anything now, I'm lost," he said to himself. "All I need I'll take later on." Then, aloud, "It's hardly worth while; and I'm going into the country for a month, too. Wait till I come back, and I'll see about it."

But we trust, Mr. Heldar, that you do not intend to sever your connection with us?"

Dick's business in life was the study of faces. and he watched the speaker keenly. "That man means something." he said. "I'll do no cusiness till I've seen Torpenhow. There's a big deal coming." Bo he departed, making no promises, to his one little room by the Docks. And that day was the seventh of the month. and that month, he reckoned with awful distinctness, had thirty-one days in it! .

It is not easy for a man of cathelic tastes days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the localiness of London. Dick paid seven shillings a week for his lodging, which left him rather less than a shilling a day for food and drink. Naturally, his first purchase was of the materials ong. Half a day's investigation and comparisages and mushed potatoes, two pence a plate. were the best food. Now, sausages once or twice a week for breakfast are not unpleasant. As lunch, even, with mashed potatoes, they become monotonous. As dinner they are im-pertinent. At the end of three days Dick loathed sausages, and, going forth, pawned his watch to revel on sheep's head, which is and the gravy. Then he returned to sausages self entirely to mashed potatoes for a day, and was unhappy because of pain in his finde.

Then he pawned his waisteout and his tie, and thought regretfully of money thrown away in times past. There are few things more edilying unto Art than the actual belly-pinch of bunger, and Dick in his few walks abroad-he did not care for exercise; it raised desires that could not be satisfied-found himself dividing mankind into two elasses—those who looked as if they might give him something to eat, and those who looked otherwise. "I never knew what I had to learn about the human face before," he thought, and, as a reward for his humility. Providence caused a cab driver at a sausage shop where Dick fed that night to leave half eaten a great chunk of bread. Dick took it-would have fought all the world for its possession-and it

A month dragged through at last, and, fairly praceing with impatience, he went to draw his money. Then he hastened to Torpenhow's address, and smelt the smell of cooking meats all along the corridors of the chambers. Torpenhow was on the top floor, and Dick burst into his room, to be received with a hug which nearly cracked his ribs as Torpenhow dragged him to the light and spoke of twenty different things in the same breath.

"But you're looking tucked up." he con-"Got anything to est?" said Dick, his eye

roaming round the roem.
"I shall be having breakfast in a minute. What do you say to sausages?"

"No, anything but sausages. Torp, I've been starving on that secured horse flesh for thirty days and thirty nights."

"Now what lunacy has been your latest?" Dick spoke of the last few weeks with unpri-died speech. Then he opened his coat; there was no waistoost below. "I ran it fine, awfully fine, but I've just scraped through."

"You haven't much sense, but you've got a backbone, anyhow. Eat, and talk afterward." Dick fell upon eggs and bacon and gorged till he could gorge no more. Torpenhow handed him a filled pipe, and he smoked as men amoke who for three weeks have been deprived of

Out!" said he. "That's heavenly. Well?" "Why in the world didn't you come to me?"
"Couldn't; I owe you too much already, old man. Besides, I had a sort of superstition that this temperary starvation-that's what it was, and it hurt-would bring me more luck later. It's over and done with now, and none of the syndicate know how hard up I was. Fire away. What's the exact state of affairs as re-

gard's myself?" You had my wire? You've caught on here Pecule like your work immensely. I don't know why, but they do. They say you have And, because they are chiefly home-bred Eng lish, they say you have insight. You're manted by half a dozen papers; you're wanted to illu-Dick grunted scornfully.

You're wanted to work up your smaller sketches and sell them to the dealers. They seem to think the money sunk in you is a good investment. Good Lord! who can account for the fathomiese folly of the public?" They're a remarkably sensible people."

"They are subject to fits, if that's what you mean; and you happen to be the object of the latest fit among those who are interested in what they call Art. Just now you're a fashion, phenomenon, or whatever you please. I appeared to be the only person who knew any-thing about you here, and I have been showing the most useful men a few of the skatches you gave me from time to time. Those coming after your work on the Central Souther Syndicate appear to have done your business You're in luck."

"Huh! call it luck! do call it luck. When a man has been kicking about the world like a dog waiting for it to come. I'll luck 'em later on. I want a place to work in first."

"Come here," said Torpenhow, crossing the landing. "This place is a big box-room really, but it will do for you. There's your skylight, or your north light, or whatever window yo call it, and plenty of room to slash about in and a bedroom. What more do you want?"
"Good enough." said Dick, looking round the large room that took up a third of a top

story in the rickety chambers overlooking the Thames. A pale yellow sun shone through the skylight and showed the much dirt of the place. Three steps led from the door to the landing and three more to Torpenhow's room. The well of the staircase disappeared into darkness, pricked by tiny gas jets, and ther were sounds of men talking and doors slam ming seven flights below, in the warm gloom.
"Do they give you a free hand here?" said

Dick, cautiously. He was Ishmael enough to know the value of liberty.

"Anything you like: latch keys and license

unlimited. We are permanent tenants for the most part here. "Tisn't a place I would recommend for a Young Men's Christian Associa tion, but it will serve. I took these rooms for you when I wired." You're a great deal too kind, old man."

"You didn't suppose you were going away from me, did you?" Torpenhow put his hand on Dick's shoulder, and the two walked up and down the room, henceforward to be called the studio, in sweet and silent communion. They heard rapping at Torpenhow's door, "That's some ruffian come up for a drink," said Tor-penhow; and he raised his voice cheerily. These entered no one more ruffianly than a portly middle-aged gentleman in a satin-face frock coat. His lips were parted and pale, and "Wook heart." said Dick to himself, and as

he shook hands, "very weak heart. His pulse is chaking his fingers."

The manilatroduced himself as the head of the Central Bouthern Syndicate and "one of

the most ardent admirers of your work, Mr. Heldar. I assure you, in the name of the syndicate, that we are immensely indebted to you! and I trust, Mr. Heidar, you won't forget that we were largely instrumental in bringing you before the public." He panted because of the

seven flights of stairs.

Dick glanced at Torpenhow, whose left eyeid lay for a moment dead on his cheek.
"I shan't forget," said Dick, every instinct of

defence roused in .him. "You've paid me so well that I couldn't, you know. By the way when I am settled in this place I should like to send and get my sketches. There must be nearly 150 of them with you."

That is er-is what I came to speak about rear we can't allow it exactly, Mr. Helder. In the absence of any specified agreement, the ketches are our property. of course." "Do you mean to say that you are going to

keep them ?" your own terms. Mr. Heldar, to assist us in arranging a little exhibition which, backed by our name and the influence we naturally command among the press, should be of material service to you. Sketches such as yours-"

Belong to me. You engaged me by wire.

you paid me the lowest rates you dared. You can't mean to keep them! Good God alive. Torpenhow watched Dick's face and whis-tied, Dick walked up and down, thinking. He saw the whole of his little stock in trade the first weapon of his equipment, annexed at the outset of his campaign by an elderly gentleman whose name Dick had not caught aright who said that he represented a syndicate, which was a thing for which Dick had not the least reverence. The injustice of the proceedings did not much move him; he had seen the to be squeamish over the moral aspects of blood of the gentleman in the fronk sout and when he spoke again it was with a strained sweetness that Torpenhow knew well for the

beginning of strife. "Forgive me, sir. but you have no-no younger man who can arrange this business "I speak for the syndicate. I see no reason

for a third party to—"
"You will in a minute. Be good enough to give back my sketches." The man stared blankly at Dick and then at Torpenhow, who was leasing against the wall.

He was not used to ex-employees who ordered him to be good enough to do things. "Yes, it is rather a cold-blooded steal," said Torpenhow, critically, "but I'm afraid, I am very much afraid, you've struck the wrong man. Be careful, Dick. Remember, this isn't

the Soudan." "Considering what services the syndicate have done you in putting your name before the

This was not a fortunate remark: It re ninded Dick of certain vagrant years lived out in loneliness and strife and unsatisfied desires. The memory did not contract well with the prosperous gentleman who proposed to enjoy the fruit of those years.

"I don't know quite what to do with you." began Dick, meditatively. "Of course you're a thief and you ought to be half killed, but in your case you'd probably die. I don't want you dead on this floor, and, besides, it's un-lucky just as one's moving in. Don't hit, sir: you'll only excite yourself." He put one hand on the man's forearm and ran the other down the plump body beneath the coat. "My goodness!" said he to Torpenhow. " and this gray oaf dares to be a thief! I have seen an Esneh camel driver have the black hide taken off his body in strips for stealing half a pound of wet dates, and he was as tough as whipcord. This thing's soft all over-like a woman."

There are few things more polgnantly hu-miliating than being handled by a man who does not intend to strike. The head of the syndicate began to breathe heavily. Dick walked around him, pawing him, as a cat paws a soft hearth rug. Then he traced with the eyes, and shook his head. "You were going to steal my things-mine, mine !you, who don't know when you may die Write a note to your office-you say you're the head of it—and order them to give Torpenhow my sketches—every one of them. Wait a minute—your hand's shaking. Now!" He thrust a pocketbook before him. The note was written. Torpenhow took it and departed without a word, while Dick walked round an round the spellbound captive, giving him such advice as he conceived best for the welfare of his soul. When Torpenhow returned with a gigantic portfolio, he heard Dick say. almost soothingly, "Now, I hope this will be s lesson to you: and if you worry me when I have settled down to work with any nonsense sbout actions for assault, believe me. I'll catch you and manhandle you, and you'll die. You haven't very long to live, anyhow. Go. Imshi, Vootsak-get out!" The man departed stag-gering and dazed. Dick drew a long breath; Phew! what a lawless lot these people are The first thing a poor orphan meets is gang robbery, organized burglary! Think of the aideous blackness of that man's mind! Are my sketches all right. Torp?"
"Yes; one hundred and forty-seven of them.

Well. I must say, Dick, you've begun well." He was interfering with me. It only meant few pounds to him. but it was everything to e. I don't think he'll bring an action. I gave him some medical advice gratis about the state of his body. It was chesp at the little

flurry it cost him. Now let's look." Two minutes later Dick had thrown himself down on the floor and was deep in the portfolio, chuckling lovingly as he turned the drawings over and thought of the price at

The afternoon was well advanced when Tor-penhow came to the door and saw Dick daneing a wild saraband under the skylight.

"I builded better than I knew, Torp," he said, without stopping the dance! "They're good! They're damned good! They'll go like fisme! I shall have an exhibition of them on my own brazen book. And that man would have cheated me out of it! Do you know that m sorry now that I didn't actually hit him? Go out." said Torpenhow,-"go out and pray to be delivered from the sin of arrogance, which you never will be. Bring your things up from whatever place you're staying in, and

we'll try to make this barn a little more ship-"And then-ch, then." said Dick, still caperwe will spoil the Egyptians!

CHAPTER IV.

The wolf cub at even lay hid in the corn.
When the smoke of the coeking hung gray:
He knew where the doe made a couch for her fawn.
And he locked to his strength for his pray.

But the moon swept the smoke wreaths away.

And he turned from his meal in the villager's close

And he bayed to the moon as she rose.—In feeder. "Well, and how does success taste?" said Torpenhow, some three months later. He had just returned to chambers after a holiday in

he country.
"Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his lips pefore the easel in the studio. "I want more, beeps more. The lean years have passed, and approve of these fat ones."

Be careful, old man. That way lies bad Torpenhow was sprawling in a long chair with a small fox terrier asleep on his chest. while Dick was preparing a canvas. A data a background, and a lay-figure were the only fixed objects in the place. They rose from a wreck of oddments that began with felt-covered water bottles, belts, and regimental badges, and ended with a small bale of secondhand uniforms and a stand of mixed arms. The mark of muddy feet on the dais showed that a military model had just gone away. The

see the comparison perfectly. You should have kept clear of all that man-millinery. Berves you right; and I hope it will unsettle

"It won't. It has taught me what Art-holy. sacred Art-means." "You've learnt semething while I've been

away. What is Art ?" Give 'em what you know, and when you've done it once do it again." Dick dragged for ward a canvas laid face to the wall. "Here's a sample of real art. It's going to be a fac-simile reproduction for a weekly. I called it 'His Last Shot.' It's worked up from the little water color I made outside El Maghrib. Well. I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up hero with drink; I drored him, and I redrored him, and I tredrored him, and I made him a flushed, dishevelled, bedevilled scalawag, with his helmet at the back of his head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the blood poxing out of a cut over his ankle bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all soldier and var-Once more, modest child!"

Dick laughed. "Well, it's only to you I'm talking. I did him just as well as I knew how.

making allowance for the slickness of oils. Then the art manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like t. It was brutal and coarse and violent-man being naturally gentle when he's fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful. with a little more color. I could have said a sheep as an art manager. I took my 'Last Shot' back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That's iight on the toe. That's Art. I cleaned his rifle-rifles are always clean on service-because that is Art. I pipeclayed his helmetpipeciay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin. I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank heaven, twice as much as for the first, which was moderately decent,

"And do you suppose you're going to give that thing out as your work?" "Why not? I did it. Alone I did it, in the interests of sacred, home-bred art and Dicken-

Torpenhow smoked in silence for a while. Then came the verdict, delivered from rolling clouds: "If you were only a mass of blather-ing vanity, Dick, I wouldn't mind-I'd let you to the deuce on your own mablatick; but when I consider what you are to me, and when find that to vanity you add the twopennyhalf-penny pique of a twelve-year-old girl, then I bestir myself in your behalf. Thus!"

The canvas ripped as Torpenhow's booted foot shot through it, and the terrier jumped down, thinking rate were about.
"If you have any bad language to use, use it You have not. I continue. You are an idiot, because no man born of woman is strong enough to take liberties with his public, even

though they be which they ain't-all you say But they don't know any better. What can you expect from creatures born and bred in this light?" Dick pointed to the yellow fog. "If they want furniture polish let them have furniture polish, so long as they pay for it. They are only men and women. You talk as

That sounds very fine, but it has nothing to have to work for, whether you like it or not. They are your masters. Don't be deceived. Dickie. You eren't strong enough to trifle with them-or with yourself, which is more impordaub isn't going anywhere: unless you take precious good care, you will fall under the damnation of the check book, and that's worse than death. You will get drunk-you're half drunk already—on easily acquired money. For that money and your own infernal vanity you are willing to deliberately turn out bad

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should be know? He thinks he is his own master."
Does he? I could undeceive him for his good if there's any virtue in print. He wants the whip lash."
Lay it on with science, then. I'd flay him "Lay it on with science, then. I'd flay him myself, but I like him too much."
"I've no sorupies. He had the audacity to try to cut me out with a woman at Cairo once. I forgot that, but I remember now."
"Did he cut you out?"

Lay it on with science, then, I'd may him myself, but I like him too much."

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I'd he cut you out?"

"You'll see when I have dealt with him; but, after all, what's the scool? Leave him alone and he'll oome home, if he has any stuff in him, dranging or wagging his tail behind him. There's more in a week of life than in a lively weekly. Noae the less I'll slate him. I'll slate him ponderously in the Calaciusn."

"Good luck to you! But I fancy nothing short of a crowbar would make Dick wince. His soul seems to have been fired belore we came across him. He's intensely suspicious and utterly lawles."

"Batter of temper." said the Nilghai. "It's the same with horse. Some you wollop and they work: some you wollop and they good try in, and some you wollop and they good. In the mean time, you can begin your clating here. I'll show you some of his less and worst work in his studio."

I'll show you some of his less and worst work in his studio."

Jok had instinctively sought rouning water for a comfort to his mood of mind. He was leaning over the embankment wall, watching the rush of the Thames through the arches of westminster Bridge. He becan by thinking of Tornenhow's savice, but, as of custom, lost himself in the study of the faces flocking by, Some had death written on their features, and Dick marvelied that they could laugh. Others, clumsy and conre-built for the most part, were alight with love; others were merely drawn and lined with work; but there was something. Dick knew, to be made out of them all. The poor at least should suffer that he might learn, and the rich should ray for the output of his learning. Thus his credit in the world and his cash balance at the bank would be lacreased, he much the bear on their features, and the sun abone, a blood-red water, on the was blinked for the moment the rich should be a firth and presed by her lover should ake to life and the head of the same wind t

"Te es. No. This. Where have you come from?"
Over there." Dick pointed eastward through the fog. "And you."
"Oh. I'm in the north—the black north, sores all the Park. I am very busy."
"What do you do?"
"I painti. That's all I have to do."
"Why, whate happened? You had three hundred a year."
"I have that still. I am painting: that's all."
"Are you alone, then?"
"There's a girl living with me. Don't walk so fast. Dick: you're out of step."
"Then you noticed it, too."
"Of course. You're always out of step."

Of course. You're always out of step."
So I am. I'm sorry. You went on with the

Slade, then at Merton's in St. John's Wood, the big studio, then I pepper-notted—I mean I went to the Kational—and now I'm working under Kami."

"But Kami is in Paris, surely?"

"Not be has his teaching studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. I work with him in the summer, and I live in London in the winter. I'm a house-holder."

Marie. I work with him in the summer, and I live in London in the winter. I'm a householder."

"Do you sell much?"

"Now and again, but not eften. There is my lus. I must take it or lose half an hour. Good-by, Dick."

"Good-by, Maisla. Won't you tell me where you live? I must see you again; and perhaps I could help you. I paint a little mysel?"

"I may be in the Park to-morrow, if there is no working light. I walk from the Marble Arch down and back again; that is my little excursion. But of course I shall see you again." She stepped into the omninus and was wallowed up by the fex.

"Well—I—am—damned!" said Dick, and returned to the chambers.

Torpenhow and the Nilghal found him sitting on the steps to the studio door, repeating the phrase with awful gravity.

"You'll be more damned when I've done with you," said the Nilghal, upheaving his bulk from behind Torpenhow's shoulder and waving a sheat of half-dry manuscript. "Dick, it is of common report that you are suffaring from swelled head"

"Halloo. Nilghal. Back again? How are the Balkans and all the little Balkans? One side of your face is out of drawing, as usual."

"Never mind that. I am commissioned to milts you in print. Torpenhow refuses from false delicacy. I've been overhauling the potbollers in your studio. They are simply disgraceful.

"Ohe I that's it, is it? If you think you can slate me, you're wrong. You can only describe, and you need as much room to turn in, en paper, as a P. d. O. cargo-boat. But continue, and so wift. I'm going to bed."

"H'm I m'n I m'n The first part only deals with your pictures. Here's the peroration: For work done without conviction, for power wasted on trivialities, for labor expended with levity for the deliberate purpose of winning the easy appiause of a fashion-driven public "That's 'His Last Shot,' second edition. Go

"That's 'His Last Shot,' second edition. Go on." Public. There remains but one end—the oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenolaphed with contempt. From that fate Mr. Heldar has yet to prove himself out of danger."

Mr. Heldar has yet to prove himself out of danger."

Wow—wow—wow—wow—wow !" said Dick, profanely. "It's a clumsy ending and vile journaices, but its quite true. And yet."—he aprang to his feet and anniened at the manuscript." you scarred, deboshed, battered old gladiator! You're sent out when a war begins to minister to the blind brutal British public's hestisi thirst for blood. They have no arenas now, but they must have special correspondents. You're a rat gladiator who comes up through a trap-door and talks of what he's seen. You stand on precisely the same level as an energetic bishop, an affable actrees, a devastating cyclone, or—mine own sweet self. And you presume to lecture me upout my work! Nilghai if it were worth while I'd caricature you in four papers!"

The Nilghai winced. He had not thought of this.

"As it is, I shall take this atm? and tone the

this.

"As it is, I shall take this stuff and tear it small—so!" The manuscript fluttered in slips down the dark well of the staircase. "Go home, Nijshal," said Dick. "go home to your lonely little bed, and leave me in peace. I am about to turn in till to-morrow."

"Why, it isn't seven yet!" said Torpenhow, with amazement.

to turn in till to-morrow."

"Why, it isn't seven yet!" said Torpenhow.
with amazement.

It shall be two in the morning, if I choose,"
said Dick, backing to the studio door. "I go
to grapple with a serious crisis, and I shan't
want any dinner."

The door shut and was locked.

"What can you do with a man like that?"
said the Nilgha.

"Leave him alone. He's as mad as a hatter."
At It there was kicking on the studio door.

"Is the Nilghal with you still?" said a voice
from withio. "Then te! nim he might have
condensed the whole of his lumbering nonsense into an epigram: Only the free are
bond, said only the bond are free. Tell him
he's an idiot, Terp, and tell him I'm another."

"All right, Come out and have supper.
You're smoking on an empty stomach."

There was no answer.

[To be Continued.]

PERILS OF THE TRAPESS. Varied and Interesting Experiences in the

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Nov. 15 .- The Connectiout Yankee is a great traveller. The man you he were accustomed to strange lands, and yet he may have been around the world as a salesman for a clock factory, and his neighbor on the next farm may be a retired sea Captain who has circumnavigated the globe many times. Here in Bridgeport there is the usual quota of long-distance Connecticut travellers, and when Barnum's big show, which makes its winter quarters here gets back to town, there are added more travellers who have been in many countries. Of these, some settle down comfortably for the whiter in this city, and others make the winter season with circuses in other lands. The show is now on the way here after the season of '90, and some of the performers have already arrived, among them being Prof. T. Coalloe, the gymmast, who is now at his pleasant home in State street.

Well known in this country as a gymnast. Prof. Cebailos is widely known in Mexico, where he was born, and in Central America, and throughout South America, as an aeronaut as well. He has made 400 ascensions, using always hot-air balloons of his own manufacture, and performing out a trapeze suscended from the balloon. He has made thirty balloons, each about ninety leet high and litty feet in diameter, and made of beotch liten, and covered with a light varnish to render them waterproof. When making ready for an ascension be built on the ground asort of brick furnace, with a chimney about jour feet in diameter and five feet high. A lire of the prunings soaked in alcohol was the best for producing an ample supply of hot air with the clean moke and fewest sparks, and an iron cover was provided to put over the top of the chimney if the sparks became threatening. The throat of the balloon was placed over the chimney. When inflated the balloon was head down by many men until the aeronaut was ready to ascend. He left the earth holding to the bar with his body suspended straight, and then performed the various evolutions in midair.

Prof. Ceballos made his first ascension in Mexico and Central America in 1866, and between that year and 1871 he made many ascensions in the struck the balloon and control to the contry. For two holding to the top of about 4:000 teet a strong wind struck the balloon and control of a hours. When it swept over a forest on a mountain, Ceballos fer ground and in the trapeze for the contry. For two healths are supplied him with food and directed him to the pallon flow of an ascension at calino the trapeze forces. added more traveliers who have been in many countries. Of these, some settle down combly for the winter in this city, and others

state all should be as it was of old, all other closely fitting gray dress.

I she human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and human soult is infinite and not in strained in the human soult is infinite and human soult in the gray. Then, against his will, and be brain, newly released from consideration in the rough of the salt salts and time to dictate as the human soult is human soult in the strained in the salt in his strained and destroyer. At forestic, the step and the salt in his but lief fell into step at her side, and pour it has happened to Amenma?"

The forg after the manker together, at he step as perfectly as in their strength in the fore the hud-flats. Then Dick, hoursely:

At forestic, the special of the succession was allowed the succession with the soult close to the hud-flats. Then Dick, hoursely:

The box shall present the succession was in Brazil in 1876. Since 1676 Prof. Ceballos has been a symmatic circuses. He has performed in Australia. China. Japan. Blam. Hindcostan. Then Sucre and the succession was in Brazil in 1876. Since 1676 Prof. Ceballos has been a symmatic circuses. He has performed in Australia. China. Japan. Blam. Hindcostan. Then Sucre after the succession was in Brazil in 1876. Since 1676 Prof. Ceballos has been a symmatic circuses. Spain. and other countries.

All search with the with me. Don't walk the with the succession will strength the fell graving teballos as he was the was all the west of the succession was in Brazil in 1876. Since 1676 Prof. Ceballos has been a symmatic circuses. In the succession was in Brazil

ODD FORMS OF SUICIDE.

INSTANCES PROM A BEST EXTENDENC OFFER TEN YEARS.

Control Park as a Place of Suicide—The Big Man and Sie Toy Pistol—Revolver and Grennde at Once—Ways Compared. It seems an easy task to take your life when you have onece made up your mind. A good many people in this town, however, have found it not so easy and various errotte devices have

and others after long cogitation.

With most persons who contemplate suicide
by inhaling illuminating gas the process con-sists in shutting windows, doors, and transoms, and frequently is stopping the keyhele and stuffing newspapers or rags into the oracks, and finally in turning on the gas and getting into bed. But it was reserved for a woman in East Seventh street a year age to devise a more direct and speedy method than that. The woman bought a long piece of rubber tubing of a size to fit over a gas jet at the head of her bed. The tip on the jet was removed to give a free flow of gas, the rubber tube was pushed over the jet, and then the woman got into bed, placed the other end of the tube in her mouth. reached up one hand. and turned on the gas. The effect must have been to fill the lungs with one inhala-tion, and to produce stupor and death in a few minutes. When the body was found the tube was still held between the woman's line. A day or two afterward a woman in Harlem committed suicide in the same manner. There is no record of any others committing suicide in this way.

Shocking was the means hira. Mary Gills of 1485 Second avenue took to commit suicide on March 25 last. Policeman Garland had been teld by the neighbors that Mrs. Gilis had chased her children out of the house with a butcher knile and that they dared not go near her room. The policeman found the door locked and he rapped and Mrs. Gilis unlocked the door and fell fainting into his arms. She had cut her tongue out, and as she held up a bleeding stump the horrified officer saw that she had backed off her left hand at the wrist. The severed hand was found in the unfortunate woman's parior on the floor. She died shortly

afterward in a hospital.

Joseph Koeko, a Pole of 197 Second street, cut the arteries in both his wrists and bled to death, a mode of seeking death which brings to mind the infamous Mme. Bestel who severed the veins in her wrists and bled to death in a bath tub of warm water in her coatly home in Fifth avenue twelve years ago.

Probably the worst case of grip that assumed a suicidal tendency last winter was that of Mrs. Ellen Carroll of 215 East Ninety-eighth street. Mrs. Carroll's ausband and children were watching her and trying in every way to alleviate her sufferings, when she ran from the dining room into the hall and to the light and air shaft. Her husband reached the hall barely in time to see the flutter of her dress as she disappeared in the shalt, where she fell four stories and was killed.

There has been something about the groves

of trees and the green lawns of Central Park of trees and the green lawns of Central Park that has stiracted those about to die by their own hand. Of course many who have committed suicide in the Park may be classed as plain ordinary suicides, but not all are to be so classed. That, for instance, was a curious suicide on April 35 last when a young man put on a dress suit as if to go to a dinner in Fifth avenue, adorned the lappel of his coat with a ross-bud, put on his light-coloredgroung overcoat, found his way through the Park by sight, and threw himself into the reservoir. Oliver Perry Lewis was the son of a liveryman in a neighboring town. He thirsted to see more of life than a country city could afford, and the more he saw it the more he longed to mingle with the people who had money to buy beantiful things. But his salary was less as a salesman than those of a mechanic, while his tastes were those of a club man.

A Central Park policeman making his morning rounds a lew months ago came upon a man whom he took to be asies on a bench in the ramble, close to the edge of the lake. The policeman was about to shake the supposed sleeper when he saw that the man was dead, with a revolver in his left hand. Then he discovered that the man had a revolver in his right hand also. On examination it was found that the suicide had put the muzzles of both platois in his ears and fired both revolvers a mutaneously. The body was identified as that of an employee in a hop warehouse in lower Broadway. He was a ferman. that has attracted those about to die by their

covered that the man and a revoiver in margint hand also. On examination it was found that the saided hand put the muncless of both pistois in his sears and fired both revolvers a multianeously. The body was identified as that o'an employee in a hop warehouse in lower Broadway. He was a German.

In the case of another German who was found dead in Central Park mot long ago, there was a striking sugestion of unlittees in the weapon. Considering the proportions of the weapon was ator pistol. In passing the proportions of the weapon was ator pistol. In passing the proportions of the weapon was ator pistol. In passing the pistol didn't cost over thirty-five cents, and it carried a builet not as big as a double B shot. The builet was big enough however, for the big man had fired it into the right ear, crowding the muzzle in as far as it would go.

There was something strangs, too, in the suicide of ex-Alderman Edward W. Rapp a few months ago. He wandered into the Bellevue Ho-pital dispensary and sut down among the patients. No one noticed him until the report of a pistol was heard and he fell to the floor dead. He had one pistol in his hand and another in like bookeeper on the cast side. He was easionskeeper on the cast side. He was easionskeeper on the cast side. He was easionskeeper on the cast side. He was underly became by with him-self. He had domestic troubles, over which he broaded until he was undoubtedly insane. He went to his work as usual, however, and had entered the basement of a big apartment house to send a chunk of loc up stairs in the elevator. At the bottom of the shuft Ocennor laid himself down on the floor and dew highest y are scross his throat.

"An interecting list might be made," said Dr. John T. Nagie, Deputy Begister of Records of the Health Department. The basement of a big apartment bouse to send a chunk of loc up stairs in the elevator. At the bottom of the shufter own lives in this city in the base treading of the health and the lower had a line was few when he had a line was a few and t

Tolson is the means most frequently resorted to by persons committing suicide; then follow in the order of frequency opium, firearms, hanging, cutting and stabbing, leaps from high places, and finally, drowning.

Sixty-one Times Around Cape Hors.

Mystic, Conn., Nov. 19.—Capt. J. M. Holmes left his home last week for New Tork, from where he will start on his sixty-second voyage around Cape Horn. He has the reputation among seafaring men of having made the trip around Cape Horn more times than any living man, and if the Captain keeps his word he will reach the century mark on the trips before he retires. This time he is bound for the Golden Gaie, and will probably not be seen at his home for a year or mers. He is Captain and principal owner of the brend ship Charmer, which has weathered many gales and brought him safely around the treacherous Horn over sixty times.